

The Times-Dispatch
DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.
Business Office: 516 E. Main Street.
Washington Bureau: 325-7 Munsey Building.
Manchester Bureau: 1102 Hull Street.
Petersburg Bureau: 40 N. Sycamore St.
Lynchburg Bureau: 213 Eighth St.
BY MAIL: One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mo. Mo. Mo.
Daily with Sunday, \$4.00 \$3.00 \$1.50 .55
Daily without Sunday, 4.00 3.00 1.00 .35
Weekly edition only, 2.00 1.00 .50 .15
Sunday (Wednesday), 1.00 .50 .25 .10
By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester and Petersburg—
One Week. One Year.
Daily with Sunday, 14 cents \$6.50
Daily without Sunday, 10 cents 4.50
Sunday only, 5 cents 2.50
(Yearly subscriptions payable in advance.)

Entered January 27, 1902, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.
Persons wishing to communicate with The Times-Dispatch by telephone will ask central for "4041," and on being answered from the office switchboard, will indicate the department or person with whom they wish to speak.
When calling between 8 A. M. and 9 A. M., call to central office direct for 4041, composing room; 4042, business office; 4043, for mailing and press-rooms.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1907.

The soul rides the body, and at certain moments raises it. It is the only bird which bears upward its own case.—Victor Hugo.

BYRAN VS. ROOSEVELT.

In an address before the Central Y. M. C. A., of St. Louis, on Monday last, Mr. William J. Bryan boldly attacked President Roosevelt's idea of centralized Federal control as outlined in the President's speech in the same city.

Mr. Bryan declared the President's position was not only erroneous, but dangerous, in that it would result in weakening the power of the State to protect its people and remove control from the State to the nation.

Mr. Bryan also expressed himself as being opposed to the President's "constructive jurisprudence"—his proposal to change the Constitution by popular amendment process, as provided for in the Constitution itself.

The Times-Dispatch has already expressed the opinion that the national Democratic party need not go beyond Mr. Roosevelt's speech at St. Louis for a paramount issue. Mr. Bryan's comments seem to point in the same direction. It is a favorable omen. If the Republican party declares for a high protective tariff and for Mr. Roosevelt's idea of Federal centralization and "constructive jurisprudence," the Democrats, with a clean-cut declaration in favor of a revenue tariff, States' rights and the Constitution, will have a fine chance to win a great popular victory.

Mr. Roosevelt boldly threw down the gauntlet at St. Louis; Mr. Bryan has boldly accepted the challenge. It appears to us that the paramount issue has already been declared.

A WALL FROM WALL STREET.

The Wall Street Summary is moved to indignation because of recent comments of ours on the habits and methods of Wall Street. "President Roosevelt is again on the rampage," said The Times-Dispatch, "and Wall Street is quaking. Every trader will hang on to his words if he speaks a word of cheer stocks will rise; if he shakes the big stick stocks will fall. The silly season is perpetual in Wall Street." "Wall Street," replies the New York paper, "is an unfeeling source of amusement (?) to editors of country newspapers; sometimes, as in the instance quoted, to editors of influential city organs. Editorial utterances from such sources are more facetious than serviceable, for they are invariably written by men who know little of the 'streets' methods or workings, and next to nothing of financial transactions or dealings in securities." And more in the same contemptuous strain. But is it not true that Wall Street hung on the words of President Roosevelt? And did not prices of stocks fall? And would not prices have gone up if the President had spoken a word of good cheer? And is it not true that the silly season is perpetual in Wall Street?

When it was announced that Queen Victoria was in extremis American stocks went off from 5 to 10 points; when her death was announced prices immediately recovered.

When the Boer War was on every engagement in South Africa between the Boers and the British affected the price of American stocks. If the British took upon Kop, up went American stocks; if the Boers drove them down next day, stock prices tumbled with the British soldiers.

Several years ago Banker Vanderbilt, of New York, made a prediction that there was trouble ahead, and he changed to be right. Now, whenever Mr. Vanderbilt makes a speech his words invariably affect prices.

In May, 1901, Wall Street had a panic because some interests had cornered Northern Pacific stock, and men who were in no way affected threw upon the market stocks that were in no way affected by the corner and sold them at panic prices; and in ten days prices had recovered and the market was on a boom.

Hundreds of similar instances might be cited to show that trading in the stock market by the Wall Street professionals is influenced by silly sentiments, by the passing emotion of the hour. Common-sense rules do not apply. Values are frequently not considered. When a "bull" market is in full swing prices are marked up far beyond intrinsic values; when a "bear" market is in full swing prices are alarmingly depressed. If this does not indicate a perpetual silly season in Wall Street we know not the meaning of the term. Yet the Wall Street organ pompously asserts that the editors who criticize Wall Street methods are the silly fellows and altogether ignorant.

The Times-Dispatch does not undertake the value of Wall Street to finance, commerce and industry; but the silly and sometimes disreputable methods of the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Cotton Exchange have brought these institutions into public ridicule and contempt; and that feeling is aggravated by the arrogant assumption of exchange organs that wisdom is enthroned in Wall Street and that all outside critics are ignorant.

Obviously, the reason that Richmond never has any home-coming weeks is that no Richmonders ever leave their homes.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH IN THE JUNGLE.

In addressing the denizens of the wilderness, the President spoke, in part, as follows: "In coming into your State, friends, I wish to give assurance that every one of you shall have a square deal. I am gunning only for predatory beasts which use the power they have acquired to prey upon the weak and to rob the public. They are malefactors. They are infamous curs. They are undesirable citizens of the forest, and, in spite of their own contemptible pleas and the pleas of others who are ordinarily decent citizens, I shall pursue them with the relentless hatred I feel for all beasts which are lacking in moral sensibilities. They are a curse and a menace, and it is in your interest as well as in mine that they shall be run down and destroyed; and if in the chase a few innocent bystanders are struck by my bullets of righteousness, they will only get what they deserve for being found in such company. Otherwise, no law-abiding animal has anything to fear from this Expedition. But I cannot close without warning you with all the strenuous zeal at my command that it is wrong to do wrong; that it is very wrong to do very wrong."

"In conclusion let me warn you, also, against visiting natural fakers, who disgrace the animal kingdom, and against all mollycoddles in your own tribe, who are a disgrace to the race. No animal has my respect which does not carry the fighting instinct and a big stick."

At the conclusion of the President's remarks, there were grunts of approval, mingled with howls of terror. But the jungle people dispersed, each going to his own lair, and the hunt began.

A writer in Boston Herald "exposes" John D. Rockefeller in a heartless manner. His knowledge was gained, he says, while he was a tutor to Mr. Rockefeller's children. According to his own account he was treated as a member of the family, ate at the table, slept in the same house, and enjoyed the most confidential relationship with Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller and the children.

Mr. Rockefeller may be as black as the tutor has painted him, but he cannot be more contemptible than the man who lived under his roof, enjoyed his hospitality and then published the family secrets in a newspaper.

The South Boston News asks The Times-Dispatch if the people of Virginia should tolerate a judge or any other officer who takes a drink. Does our valued friend mean to say that the State should require a total abstinence pledge of every citizen who takes the oath of office? Or that every officer in the State, from the Governor down, who takes a glass of wine, should by that act forfeit his office? Now, answer our questions, and we will answer yours.

The skeptical Charlotte Observer throws off on our pieces about the madstone, and intimates that all who preach the doctrine that the madstone is good for dogbite are nature fakers. Our readers know that we pinned our faith to that of a venerable physician, who said he'd seen it tried. Can the Observer cite a single case where the madstone, properly applied, did not cure dogbite? If not, let it stop throwing off. Presently it will be saying that mountain dew isn't good for snakebite.

Harry W. Lewis, editor of the Banner of Liberty, of Woodboro, Md., committed suicide on Monday last by hanging himself to the rafters of an out-building. The suicide of an editor is unusual. We cannot recall that any Virginia editor has taken his own life. The fact is the editor is an optimist by birth. If it were otherwise he would never become an editor. He is also an optimist by profession and must live up to it, or lose his job. And optimists do not commit suicide.

The "prohibition wave" is still sweeping along in Alabama. At a mass meeting in Montgomery on Sunday afternoon 1,300 men signed a pledge to do all in their power "to eliminate whiskey from the county and State."

The Suffolk Herald is to publish a daily edition. If the Daily Herald is as good as the Weekly Herald, it will be first-class. The Times-Dispatch sends a cordial greeting.

Mr. Roosevelt's first bag in Louisiana was a little gray squirrel who was, so to say, standing on the corner and not taking any harm. If Dr. William J. Long has a new fall derby, he has a perfect right, of course, to paste this in it.

Lillian Russell asserts that "divorce is one of the greatest blessings in the world." It would be interesting to know how far these views coincided

Rhymes for To-Day.

IN OLD LOUISIANA.
A BEAR lay still upon his back,
His wife and little cubs around him.
In pools of blood where they, alas,
Had found him.

And as they stooped his pulse to feel,
Which grew each minute far less firm,
They heard him give a low pained squeal
And murmur:

"Kind father, bear of worth and sense,
Whose forebears owned this old plantation,
I'm killed to make a President's vacation."

"Be glad, rejoice—they say I must
Because the hand that stooped to bruise
Is that which oft has laid a trust
In ruins?"

"Ah, no! What boist' to meet one's fate
From one the prince of nation-makers?
His lead's as cold as all the nation's
Lead-fakers."

"A king must have his pleasure? Ay—
But tell it not to poor sinit critter;
I only know for bears to die
Is bitter."

"Now ere my crimson life-blood ebbs—
Flung this taint at a people lion:
I had as soon been shot by Debs
Or Bryan."

He died. They laid him in a robe
Of manuscript beneath the beeches—
(Oh, they are scattered well by Loeb—
Those speeches!)

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Too Much Counting.
"Your husband says that when he is an arithmetician he counts ten before he speaks," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other. "I wish he'd said that. Since he got dyspepsia home some morning he asked, breathlessly and in a quaver, 'What's the arithmetic?'"—Washington Star.

Good Treatment.
"Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged tenderly. She fell for it, and he was busy for the next fifteen minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Can't you stop them?" he asked, breathlessly and in a quaver. "Nope," she murmured. "It's like fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."—Cleveland Leader.

Their Method.
"What a happy disposition your husband seems to have!"

"Yes. I always make him believe I wouldn't have the things I want, and when he insists on getting them I pretend to let him have his own way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Alfred's Inference.
"I see that a man in Kansas has applied for a patent on a spanking machine he has invented," chuckled Mr. Pletcher, looking up from his paper.

"Did he have to invent one, papa," asks little Alfred, "because there aren't any more women like mamma?"—Success Magazine.

New Army Regulations.
"An officer has a private fortune he may marry; if his betrothed has one, he ought to marry; if he has debts—he must marry."—Jocian.

A Magnate's Woes.
"My daughter," stated the haughty millionaire, "is receiving attention from one of my bookkeepers."

"Doubtless you are perturbed about it?"

"Yes; I hate to let my \$5,000,000 building be a \$500 clerk."—Washington Herald.

The Negative.
Bella: "He felt in love with her photograph and asked for the original."
Bella: "What developed?"

Bella: "She gave him the negative."
Town Topics.

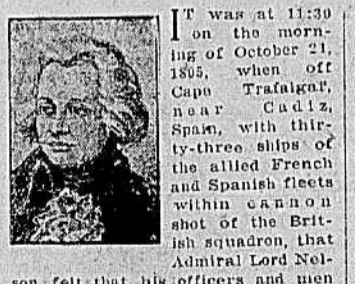
Not Long.
Figure of Speech: "Mrs. Jones keeps her clothes as neat as a pin."
Bella: "Does she not?"
"Not very long."—Cleveland Leader.

Natural History Lesson.
Mat: "All those beautiful silk dresses, Johnny, came from a poor little insect called a silkworm."
Johnny: "Yes, I know, ma. Papa is the worm, too, isn't he?"

Famous Words of Famous Men.

(Copyright, 1907, by the Globe Newspaper Co.)

"England Expects That Every Man Will Do His Duty."
NELSON, at Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.



son felt that his officers and men needed some inspiring signal for the impending struggle. "Nelson confides that every man will do his duty," was first written. But at the suggestion of the officers grouped about him the great English sea fighter, on the quarter deck of the Victory, changed the words so as to read "England expects that every man will do his duty."

"A tremendous burst of cheering," says the historian of this memorable Trafalgar contest, greeted the signal as it passed down the two lines of the British fleet. It was the last and greatest of the Nelson touches. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity to do my duty."

The result is history. The British force comprised twenty-seven sail of the line, of which seven were three-deckers, one an 80-gun ship, three 64-gun ships and the rest were 74s. The losses, including Nelson himself, were 402 killed and 1,250 wounded. Of the thirty-three sail of the allies eleven were captured by the victorious Britons. The estimated combined loss of life in the allied fleet was 2,500 killed and 2,500 wounded.

Admiral Nelson, at 1:30 o'clock, or when the battle had been raging for two hours, was walking the quarter-deck of the flagship Victory, when Captain Hardy at his side, when a musket ball of a sharpshooter, in

the top of the French frigate Redoubtable, struck him at the shoulder and passed down through his chest into the spine. His four bright decorations upon his breast, glittering like stars in the night, had revealed his personality to the enemy, and his marks of honor proved the means of his death.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said the stricken admiral.

"I hope not," replied the captain. "Yes," said Nelson, "my backbone is shot through." He was then carried below.

While the battle was still raging furiously among the contending ships and the French were surrendering vessels all along the line the dying admiral sent for his faithful Captain Hardy.

"I suppose, my friend," said Captain Hardy, when he appeared in the presence of his fast-expiring chief, "that Admiral Collingwood will now direct the affairs of the fleet."

"Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," replied Nelson.

"Shall we make the signal to anchor, sir?"

"Yes," replied Nelson, "for if I live I will anchor."

Nelson then said to his friend and subordinate that "in a few moments he should be no more." He added in a low tone, "Don't throw me overboard, Hardy."

"Oh, no, certainly not," was the reply.

"Then," said Nelson, "you know what to do. Take care of my poor Lady Hamilton, Hardy. Take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Miss me, Hardy."

Then, said Nelson, "you know what to do. Take care of my poor Lady Hamilton, Hardy. Take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Miss me, Hardy."

Heard and Seen in Public Places

"I am here to look after some private matters, and to attend the meeting of the State Democratic Committee Thursday evening," said Judge J. C. Shepherd, of Fluvanna, at Murphy's hotel.

"My colleague in the case of the contest between the committees of Fluvanna and Giles counties, and who will be ready to go on, if there shall be a quorum of the committee. We are as anxious as any one else to see the contest settled and will throw no obstacle in the way of its speedy adjustment."

The case involves the Democratic nomination for the House in the two counties, and incidentally a seat in the House, for if both the Democrats now running shall remain in the field, it is certain that the Republican candidate, Mr. J. C. Jones of Goodland, will win at the November election.

The matter comes up on a protest from the committee of Goodland against the action of the Fluvanna committee in refusing to allow Mr. J. C. Jones to enter the primary upon the allegation that he had been an independent candidate against a regular Democratic nominee two years ago.

Incidentally the two Democratic candidates, Messrs. J. C. Jones and P. A. Smith, both of Goodland, are factors in the controversy. Judge A. A. Monteiro and Mr. James L. Shelton represent Mr. Jones and the Goodland committee, and Judge J. C. Shepherd and Pembroke Pettit represent for the Fluvanna committee and Mr. Smith, whom the latter body declared the nominee for the House.

The State Committee is scheduled to meet at Murphy's Hotel in parlor No. 1 at 7 o'clock to-morrow night, and the evidence and argument will likely consume several hours.

Frederick J. M. Griffin, postmaster of Fluvanna, and Captain J. M. Harrison, of Fluvanna, were among the prominent Virginians in the city yesterday.

It happened yesterday, perhaps, the first time in many years that the ex-Speakers of the Virginia House of Delegates were in the city at the same time. To be entirely accurate about the matter, there were two ex-Speakers and one Speaker. Captain W. D. Caldwell, of Hanover, is the incumbent, and though he will most likely have the occasion to preside again, yet if there should be an emergency session of the body, he would wield the gavel. He was in his office yesterday, and his father, Judge H. H. Caldwell, who presided over the House for many years, was at the Library Building during the day.

Former Speaker John E. Ryan, of Loudoun, was in the city to attend the show, and Congressman E. W. Saunders, of Franklin, who succeeded the Loudoun man as residing officer of the House, is a day delegate to the Episcopal Convention, which is in session here. Hon. Marshall Hanger, of Staunton, is the only other ex-Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates now living.

Dr. Paul B. Harringer, the new president of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, is in the city to attend a meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, of which he is ex-officio a member.

Dr. Harringer is making a most successful executive officer, and the institute is in fine shape. He called on Governor Swanson yesterday.

Chaplain C. H. Dickens, of the United States battleship Tennessee, now at Hampton Roads, is in the city, and is registered at the Jefferson.

There is always room for one more on street cars, and at hotels, but the latter were getting very close to the limit. Great crowds surged in the lobbies, and, perhaps, by 9 o'clock, there was not an unoccupied room in a single hotel in the city.

Some of the Virginians at Murphy's are: Captain W. W. New, Norfolk; T. A. McGuire and wife, Cedar Rapids; T. N. New, Norfolk; W. H. Green and B. Lewis, Jr., Lawrenceville; C. N. Garner, Draper'sville; W. H. Lemon, Chase City; A. C. Cromwell and wife, Norfolk; Rev. David W. B. Perkins, Blackstone; W. H. Kim, Portsmouth; D. J. Whipple, Brownsville; and G. Moseley, Saxx.

N. P. Galling, Lynchburg; W. F. Deal, Emporia; William W. Carr, Radford; J. A. Pritchard, Norfolk; Carter Tyler and George W. Tyler, Seven Mile; J. W. Gordon, Norfolk; A. S. Craven, Greenwood; Samuel Houston and wife, Oak Hill; are at the Jefferson.

J. H. C. Beverley, Essex; J. W. Bell, Abingdon; J. M. Kirk, Pembroke; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Yancey, Culpeper; Mr. and Mrs. James E. Fraser, Cartersville; Mr. and Mrs. D. Keen, Norfolk; and Mrs. J. E. Perkins, Danville; J. M. Barker, Axton; B. D. Adams, Red Oak, are stopping at the Richmond.

J. Ed. Abrogast, Monterey; S. W. Wilson, E. A. McNulty, McDowell; L. A. Jones, Monterey; L. M. Revercomb, Monterey; J. W. McNulty, Monterey; D. W. Perkins, Blackstone; W. H. Kim, Portsmouth; D. J. Whipple, Brownsville; and G. Moseley, Saxx.

Virginians at the Lexington are: J. M. Carrington, South Boston; Mrs. H. T. N. Lucy, Jones; Dr. E. K. Jones; J. H. Hughes, Danville; E. J. Wavland, Staunton; Dr. L. A. Slater, New Kent county.

Among the Virginians stopping at the Hotel Helix are: J. H. Chavarr, Danville; P. B. Wickes, Norfolk; Dr. C. F. Whiting, Westmoreland county; T. Hunter, Butler Glen; James Armstrong, Union Mills.

MISSIONARY CIRCLE.

Baptist Women to Hold Meeting To-morrow Afternoon.

The second quarterly meeting of the Baptist Women's Missionary Circle of the city will be held at the First Baptist Church to-morrow afternoon at 4:30 P. M. Miss Emily L. Hardon, of Boston, chairman of the circle, has consented to deliver a talk upon reform work. All ladies interested in this phase of mission work are invited to be present.

The Open Eye keeps watchful care of its owner's interests. We don't want you to take our laundry work blindfolded at our own valuation. Gauge it by your own experience and knowledge. Then, if it suits you, call again or have our wagon call. Satisfaction or our price list, free on application.

Eclipse Laundry.

Phone 418.

October Bargains
Dress Goods Dept.
French Serges, Storm Serges, Panama, in red, browns, navy and black, for... 50c
Storm Serges, 30 inches wide, in brown, white and navy blue; a \$1.00 quality, for... 85c
Broadcloth, in red, blue, brown and black, for... 75c
Broadcloth, in checks and stripes, 30 inches wide; a big spec. clear at... \$1.00

Faulkner & Warriner Company First and Broad Sts.

The Powers and Maxine
By C. N. and A. M. Williamson
Copyright 1907 by the Authors

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lisa Drummond, infatuated with Ivor Dundas, learns he loves Diana Forest. Lisa overhears the Foreign Secretary offer Dundas a mission to Paris to carry state papers to Maxine de Renzie, a French actress who is a spy for England. Dundas has once had a flirtation with Maxine. Diana goes to station and asks Dundas if he is going to see Maxine. He cannot deny it. Diana declares it is over between them. In the train three strangers men watch Dundas, and Maxine him on the boat. At Park Dundas meets Maxine and hands her the package. The police break in and seize the package, which turns out to be a diamond necklace instead of the state papers which Maxine has stolen from her fiancé, Raoul, in order to gain money to replace a diamond necklace which had been stolen from Raoul.

Godensky, in love with Maxine, spies upon her and writes her a letter. She sees the play. Raoul and Dundas, both with engagements to see her that night, and Maxine is in despair. In the meanwhile Dundas has been to see her, and she has met him in the street. He tells her that he has been to see her, and she has met him in the street. He tells her that he has been to see her, and she has met him in the street.

We searched the garden and the whole street, then came back to search the little drawing-room for the second time. In vain. It did seem that there was a chance of finding it. It was Raoul; but at last I persuaded him to go away, and follow his own track wherever he had been since I gave him the bag with the diamonds. It was just possible, as it was so late, and his ways had led him through quiet streets for which street doors and the door which he drove, and there were many honest cabmen in Paris. I reminded him, trying to be as cheerful as I could.

So he left me. And I was deadly tired; but I had no thought of sleep—no wish for it. When I had blocked the door with my body, and I found Ivor Dundas gone, as I had hoped he would be, the next hope born in my heart was that he would be found by some back, or send—my news.

Hour after hour of deadly suspense passed on, however, and he did not come or my heart fell lower and lower. Marianne, who had flitted about all night like a restless ghost, made me drink a cup of hot chocolate, and actually put me to bed. My last words to her were: "What is the use? I can't sleep. It will be worse to lie and toss in sleep, and heavily. She will always deny it. I know, but I'm sure she must have slipped a sleeping-powder into the chocolate. I was far too much occupied with my own thoughts as I drank it to please her, to think whether or not there was anything at all peculiar in the taste."

Be that as it may, I slept; and when I waked suddenly, starting out of a hateful dream (yet scarcely worse than realities), to my horror it was nearly noon.

I was with fear lest the servant, who had been so stupid but well-meant, might be disturbed by my noise. I was important visitors away. However, when Marianne came flying in in answer to my long peal of the electric bell, she said that no one had called. There were letters and a telegram, and after the first night of a new day.

My heart gave a spring at the news that there was a telegram, for I thought it might be from Ivor, saying he was on the track of the bag. But the message was from Raoul; and he had not found the brocade bag. He did not put this in so many words, but said, "I have not found what was lost, or learned anything of it."

From Ivor there was no word, and I thought I might have a note, even if there were nothing definite to say. He might, unless—something had happened to him. There was that to think of; and I did think of it, with a sad and anxious heart.

I had not determined to send a servant to the Elysée Palace Hotel to enquire for him, and dispatched a man immediately. Meanwhile, as there was nothing to do, after pretending to eat breakfast under the watchful eyes of Marianne, I turned my thoughts to the play. But each sentence went out of my head before I had begun the next. I knew in the end only that, according to all the critics, Maxine de Renzie had "surpassed herself," had been "astrophically great," and had done "what no woman could do unless she threw her whole soul into her part." How little they knew where Maxine de Renzie's soul had been last night! And only God knew where it might be this night. Out of her body, perhaps—the one way of escape from Raoul's hatred. It had come to know the truth.

Of course, the enmity at the hotel was not for Ivor Dundas, but for the name he had adopted there; yet when my servant came back to me he had nothing to tell which was consoling—rather the other way. "The gentleman had gone out about midnight," he knew that already, and hadn't returned since. My man had been to the Bureau to ask, and it had struck him, he admitted to me on being questioned, that his questions had been answered with a certain reserve. "Last night were known of the absent gentleman's movements than it was consoling to know to tell."

(To be continued to-morrow.)